

UN CASO EXTRAÑO.

EN BUSCAR DEL SR. CUERPO.

Aquella noche, el Sr. Gutterson volvió a su habitación de soltero, con el ánimo sombrío, y se sentó sin placer ante la mesa en donde se hallaba servida la comida. Tenía costumbre, el domingo, cuando concluía de comer, de ir a sentarse junto al fuego, con un tomo de cualquier teología arido sobre su pupitre, permaneciendo así hasta que el reloj de la vecina iglesia tocaba doce campanadas, y entonces iba tranquilamente a acostarse. Sin embargo, la noche aquella, así que quitaron el mantel, tomó una bujía y fue a su gabinete. Allí abrió su cofre y sacó del sitio más secreto un documento envuelto en un sobre, en el cual estaba escrito lo siguiente: "Testamento del Doctor Jécal," y se sentó melancólicamente para estudiar su contenido. El testamento era olografo, pues aunque Gutterson se había encargado de guardarlo una vez hecho, no quiso intervenir en su redacción. Aquel testamento declaraba, que no solo en el caso del fallecimiento de Enrique Jécal, Doctor en Medicina, todos sus bienes deberían pasar a menos de su amigo y bienhechor, Eduardo Cuerpo, sino que por la desaparición o una ausencia inexplicable del Dr. Jécal, ausencia que excediese de un período de tres meses, el referido Eduardo Cuerpo debería tomar posesión de los bienes de dicho Enrique Jécal, sin ningún otro plazo, y libre de toda carga u obligación, salvo algunas pequeñas sumas que pagar a los criados de la casa del doctor. Hacía ya mucho tiempo que aquel documento desgraciado alabado. Le molestaba a la vez en su calidad de jurista, y en el concepto de partidario de los usos sensatos y ordinarios de la vida, y de enemigo de todo lo extravagante. Además, su desconocimiento de la persona del Sr. Cuerpo era lo que había aumentado su indignación; y ahora, gracias a un acontecimiento inesperado, le conocía. Ya era bastante malo que tuviese un nombre respecto del cual nada podía saber, que nada decía, y era mucho peor cuando aquel nombre fue revestido con detestables imputaciones; y el espeso y nebuloso velo que había cubierto sus ojos durante tanto tiempo se rasgó de golpe para dejarle ver a un verdadero demonio.

Después de esto, apagó la bujía, se puso un gabán, y salió. Encaminóse hacia la plaza Cavendish, ciudadela de la Medicina, en donde su amigo, el gran doctor Lanjon, tenía su casa, y recibía a sus numerosos clientes. "Si alguien sabe, será Lanjon," se dijo a sí mismo el jurista.

El solemne ayuda de cámara le conocía, y le saludó; como no se le sometía a las interminables antepasadas de las visitas ordinarias, fue directamente desde la puerta hasta el comedor, en donde se hallaba el doctor Lanjon.

El doctor era un caballero que vivía bien, excelente compañero, saludable, bien portado y de rostro algo encendido; su cabello había encanecido antes de tiempo, y lo llevaba desordenado. Sus ademanes eran bruscos y alborotados. Al ver a Gutterson, dejó la silla y corrió a su encuentro, tendiéndole ambas manos. Aquella efusión, que era una de sus hábitos, tenía algo de teatral, pero se hallaba cimentada sobre verdaderos sentimientos de amistad, pues ambos eran antiguos camaradas y condiscípulos de la escuela y la Universidad, que se guardaban mutua consideración, y aunque no sea consecuencia de ello, les agradaba hallarse juntos.

Después de una corta y trivial conversación, el abogado llegó al asunto que le aguijoneaba penosamente el espíritu.

Supongo, Lanjon—dijo—que vos y yo debemos ser los dos amigos mas viejos que tiene Enrique Jécal.

Yo quisiera que los amigos fuesen mas jóvenes—contestó riéndose el Dr. Lanjon; pero creo que así es. ¿Y que más? Lo veo tan poco a menudo como yo a usted. ¿Cómo? exclamó Gutterson, ¿cómo? ¿cómo? ¿cómo?

Los hemos tenido, repuso el doctor, pero desde hace diez años, el Dr. Enrique Jécal se ha vuelto demasiado fantástico para mí. Comenzaba a emprender un mal camino, mal camino desde el punto de vista intelectual, y aunque digo, sin duda, interesado por el, a causa de nuestro antiguo y buen compañerismo, he visto y veo muy rara vez a nuestro hombre en estos últimos tiempos. Sus extravagantes ideas—añadió el doctor poniéndose encarnado—hubieran hecho reír a Damon y Pythias.

Ese pequeño estallido de cólera llevo un poco de calma y algo de alivio al ánimo de Gutterson. "Habran diferido únicamente de opinión en alguna cuestión científica," pensó para sí, y no siendo hombre capaz de tener pasiones científicas, (salvo el caso del procedimiento y diligencias de su oficio) añadió, hablando consigo mismo: "no sera cosa grave." Dejó algunos segundos de respiro para que se repusiese su amigo, y le lanzó la pregunta objeto de su visita: "¿Habeis visto alguna vez a una de sus protegidos, un tal Cuerpo?"

"¿Cuerpo?—repitió Lanjon—No, jamas he oído nada de él. Su amistad debe ser posterior a nuestras pequeñas diferencias."

[CONTINUADO.]

There are 10,000 cases on the docket of the U. S. Court of Claims.

WILL THERE BE WAR?

An Article Written by General Butler That Just Fits the Present Case.

When the Behring sea case was pending, and many people thought it would lead to war with England, General Butler wrote an article for the North American Review on the subject and the following extract from the same will be found peculiarly interesting at the present juncture:

"Before going further, let me declare my opinion and most firm belief that a war between this country and Great Britain is impossible, because England could not be well provoked by anything that our sense of justice, our honor as a nation, and the high position we hold, would permit us to do, or allow to be done, towards any nation."

"Let us see what is England's condition as regards war with us. I admit she has a large and powerful navy on which she relies to threaten us with the piratical warfare of bombarding our cities, destroying our property and murdering our women and children. No other nation in the world threatens to carry on a war in that way except against barbarians."

"England knows that she could not land men on this continent who could stay here seven days. She did manage in the war of 1812 to land a flying party near Baltimore, which marched to Washington and destroyed our public buildings."

"During all the wars of Europe, even under Napoleon, wherein quite all its capitals were occupied by invading armies, no such act of vandalism was done, and as soon as the English had done it in our case the incendiaries fled to their ships. Even Moscow was set on fire by the Russians themselves to prevent its falling into the hands of Napoleon and affording him the additional prestige he would gain by occupying it as his winter quarters."

"Great Britain is not a warlike people. She never had more than 25,000 soldiers from her own islands between the four seas on any battlefield, and those were at Waterloo, while we had in our late war more than that number starve or die of wounds or sickness in a single prison. Does anyone believe that England will ever forget that at the close of our war we disbanded quite 2,000,000 soldiers, and that 500,000 of them are yet alive to take a hand in any war in which the honor of our country is assailed by Great Britain? I have said, and may be criticised for it, that she is not a warlike nation. Her government is continually making war on small nations and hiring someone else to do the fighting."

"If there is anything on which England can pride herself for war it is her navy. But she cannot forget that, until almost within this generation, that navy could only be supplied with sailors sufficient to man it by dragging them from their homes by press gangs. The Marquis of Salisbury seems to have faith in bonds in settling difficulties between England and this country. Be it so. England has given this country bonds in untold millions that she will keep the peace and be of good behaviour. The first gun fired in the Behring sea by one of her war vessels, would be war, as much as the first gun fired at Fort Sumpter or as the battle of Gettysburg. War abrogates all treaties of amity and commerce. War permits the confiscation of all property of one belligerent found on the ships or within the jurisdiction of the other. Every debt, demand, certificate of stock, due from an American would be at once forfeited and confiscated. Every rod of our land owned by English syndicates or subjects would be lost to her. It would seem as if we could find the means to carry on the war by selling her property in open market and using the proceeds; and when we hear the shells from her fleet, if we should do so, breaking the plate glass in Broadway, we should be comfortably remembering that a great deal belongs to English people."

"Stopping the export of cotton for three months would starve Manchester and its workmen, and be of advantage to us, as cotton is very low in price and we could use it."

"Let us look to other foreign complications which are to be taken into account by England in case of war with us. Russia still has her eye on Constantinople, and might think it a good time, when England was thus crippled, to carry out her dream of so long and steadily maintained by her Czars. She might be deterred from entering on her purpose lest she should disturb the peace of

Europe. But India lies at Russia's very door with every opening into it, and the possession of her wheat fields would give her command of the sustenance of the eastern hemisphere, at a time when the superabundance of corn and wheat from the valleys of the Red river of the north and the fields of Manitoba, which now fill 15,000 freight cars yearly, and which pass over the Canadian railways, would be blocked by the American forces. England, indeed, would not doubt that upon land we are her superiors."

"In a war by sea she must suffer far more than we. She has substantially the carrying trade of the world, reckoning what she robbed from us during the war of the rebellion by the aid of rebel cruisers which she sent from her ports, and for the doing of which she humbly expressed her regrets in the most formal manner in the treaty at Washington as a preliminary to be allowed to treat with us, as follows:

"And whereas, Her Britannic Majesty has authorized her high commissioners to express, in a friendly spirit, the regard felt by Her Majesty's government for the escape under whatever circumstances, of the 'Alabama' and other vessels from British ports, and for the depredations committed by those vessels:

"Now, in order to remove and adjust all complaints and claims on the part of the United States," etc.

"Our letters of marque and reprisals (for we did not agree to the treaty of Paris, which England pressed us to adopt at the beginning of the civil war, and which put privateering under the ban of international law) would swarm out of every port, and sweep her commerce from the ocean. One thing is certain. If our ships are not as heavy as hers, they are swifter and lighter heeled, which her commercial marine would find out to its cost."

"These are a few reasons why I cannot conceive that we can ever have a war with England; and because, also, we shall never demand anything of her but what we believe to be right, nor submit to anything from her which we believe to be wrong."

TERRITORIAL NEWS.

Items of Interest Clipped From Our Territorial Exchanges.

Monday while J. S. Merritt was attempting to cross the mountain over into Yager canyon, on the trail above the smelter, his horse slipped and fell down the mountain side, breaking his neck.—Jerome News.

Who's neck? A letter in the San Francisco Chronicle of November 28th, from Honolulu, states that Abram S. Humfries' late of Florence, is soon to marry Marie Ah Fong, said to be one of the richest heiresses in the Sandwich Islands. Her father was a Chinaman and her mother a Kanaka woman. Humfries left several unpaid bills here which it is supposed he will now liquidate.—Florence Tribune.

From a reliable gentleman who passed through Winslow during the week, and who had spent considerable time in Chicago, it was learned that the water storage system for the country surrounding this place, was almost certain to materialize next spring. If this should prove true, the future growth and prosperity of our town is assured beyond peradventure, and it will only be a question of two or three years till Winslow will have a population of 2500 or 3000, and be one of the most substantial and solid towns along the Atlantic & Pacific.—Winslow Mail.

From Prescott Journal Miner.

Hon. J. J. Gosper left for Los Angeles this morning.

Prescott weather is somewhat chilly these days, but the teachers' institute is a hot one just the same.

Karl Snyder, of the law department of the A. & P. railroad came in this morning, leaving again on the afternoon train.

David A. Wells, the free trader, is out in favor of a third term for Cleveland. Mr. Wells had as well make up his mind that this country will never have another free trader for president.

Mr. Kraber of the Bodega billiard parlors at Phenix, has arranged for a visit to that city from Schaffer, the celebrated billiard player. Mr. Kraber is an up to date business man and has the finest billiard parlors in the Southwest.

From Flagstaff Sun.

E. M. Doe left Sunday for San Francisco on important legal business for one of his clients.

The thermometer reached seven degrees below zero yesterday morning. With ten inches of snow on the ground it is pretty good winter weather.

C. H. Faucher, general agent of the land department of the A. & P. railroad, was in town Friday and Saturday, looking after land affairs in this vicinity.

Chas. A. Green, the deadbeat and bilk, was interviewed by a reporter of the Kansas City Times the other day, and the notice Charlie got will be worth a cool thousand to him.

F. M. Zuck, probate judge of Navajo county, was a passenger on No. 1 Monday, on his way to attend the teachers' institute at Prescott. Nine teachers from Navajo county and seven from Apache county were on the train bound for the institute.

Judge Hawkins writes John Vories, clerk of the district court, that he will hold a session of one day here on Monday, December 23. He will endeavor to dispose of the Williams incorporation squabble on that day. No other cases will be tried and everything else will go over to the March term.

J. A. Fleming passed through here Sunday from Denver on his way to Phenix. Some work is now being done on the Flagstaff & Canyon railroad, but it will be discontinued on account of bad weather, until spring. During the winter preparations will be made to push the work of building the road next summer.

From Prescott Courier.

Hon. A. J. Doran has returned from a visit to his model mine, near Congress.

Wm. A. Nash, representing that excellent paper, the Albuquerque Citizen, called on the Courier yesterday.

Gov. Hughes and M. H. McCord, the latter of the board of control arrived in Prescott yesterday and delivered speeches at last evening's session of the Teachers' institute.

There is very general regret expressed that Gen. W. O'Neill, owing to business pressure, was unable to give his lecture on "A. B. C's." It is hoped that he will yet find time to do so.

Those sample specimens of the genius Hassayampa, Judges Howard and Hezekiah Brooks, visited the Courier yesterday. They should be put on exhibition as fine specimens of our preservative and invigorating climatic conditions.

Joe Atkins yesterday met three very small children dragging a Christmas tree which they had cut down among the West Prescott pines. There were two boys and a girl. One boy carried a hammer and an other a broadaxe; the three were struggling with their Christmas tree when Joe took pity on them and carried the tree a long distance for them.

W. P. Boggs, a young Riverside, Cal., printer, who is in Prescott visiting his uncle, T. W. Boggs, the mine owner, and mother Mrs. Boggs, Prescott's merchant milliner, was a welcome visitor at the Courier office yesterday. He is by all odds, the best looking printer in this neck of the woods.

The Arizona Sentinel states that a number of Los Angeles men have received a concession from the Mexican government of the Island of Tiburon and are organizing three hundred men to invade the island and kill off the cannibal Ceris Indians. Each soldier is to receive \$250.00 and 100 acres of land. The company will make the island a pleasure resort, establish a line of steamers and form a small republic under an American protectorate.

Captain Anderson is in from his placer mines in Sleepy Hollow, a tributary of Lynx creek, where freezing conditions have temporarily stopped work. He reports a happy male community in his vicinity. Miners are housed in most comfortably fitted up cabins, the neighbors taking a turn about at hunting the fat deer, which are plentiful this year. When a deer is brought in it immediately becomes community property, and in this way the camp is well supplied with fresh meat. In this primitive and honest way of living these miners enjoy themselves more than millionaires possibly can. As usual, Capt. Anderson brings in a fat sack of gold dust.

[We were on "Walker's Gulch," for some reason or other now called "Lynx creek," in 1864 at the time "Uncle" Joe Walker and party were placer mining there. It was named for its first discoverer—"Uncle" Joe Walker.—Ed.]

A caravan of 1,200 men was attacked by natives near Eldoma, and over 1,000 of them killed, says a telegram from Zanzibar of the 16th inst.

From Flagstaff Sun.

From Prescott Journal Miner.

From Flagstaff Sun.

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